So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marrie sweete *Bianca* with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees wee meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'l ouer-reach the graybeard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musitian, amorous *Litio*,
All for my masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom comming home?
Gre. A Bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde.
Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why he's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuills damme.
Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That down fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he if any list.
Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?
Gre. Trembled and shooke for why he stamp'd and swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, he calls for wine, a health quoth he as if he had been aboord carowsing to his mates after a storme, quaft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops

as he was drinking This done
and kist her lips with such a
all the Church did eccho: an
shame, and after mee I know
marriage neuer was before: ha
M

Enter Petruchio, Kat

Petr. Gentlemen and frie
I know you thinke to dine w
And haue prepar'd great stor
But so it is, my haste doth ca
And therefore heere I meane
Bap. Is't possible you wil
Pet. I must away to day be
Make it no wonder: If you k
You would intreate me rath
And honest company, I thar
That haue beheld me giue a
To this most patient, sweete,
Dine with my father, drinke
For I must hence, and farew
Tra. Let vs intreate you s
Pet. It may not be.
Gra. Let me intreate yo
Pet. It cannot be.
Kate. Let me intreate yo
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to
Pet. I am content you sh
But yet not stay, entreate m
Kat. Now if you loue me
Pet. Grumio, my horse,
Gru. I sir they be ready, t
Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will
No, nor to morrow, not til
The dore is open sir, there l
You may be iogging whiles